

CHRISTMAS SPIRIT IS THE REAL ELIXIR OF LIFE

Set back the hands of the dial of life. Today we are all boys and girls again. Christmas means to me all the sport and mirth, all the wonder and magic, of childhood, and more. Never did red trumpet and drum sound so good to me as now. Sweets grow sweeter every year. Old Saint Nicholas is dearer than ever, for have we not been on the best of terms all these years? Like the sun he journeys through the ages, but at each new appearing he is as young as ever. To me Christmas means eternal youth.

The Christmas spirit is the real elixir of life. Please remember the Christmas tree is an evergreen. When wrapped in snow

it is greener than in May. The seer of old saw "a tree of life," planted "by the river of life" bearing "twelve manner of fruits." Does not the Christmas tree bear more than twelve manner of fruits? Surely that must have been a Christmas tree. Christmas means life; life at its source; fresh life; young life; life that is continually renewing itself. Most of the year we speculate about eternal youth, but at Christmas-time we practice it. Shame on the slanderer who says, "We can be young but once."

Long before dawn we hear the scurry-feet, the glad shouts, the laughter. With the bairns, we know that Santa Claus did really come. Yes, and best of all he has brought with him the very things asked for in the printed little letter addressed to "Mr. Santa Klaus, North Pole."

Christmas means to me the golden age when we refuse "to take the old world as it is" and insist on taking it as it ought to be. A new faith in our common humanity grips us as we see a man, selfish and sordid, we had supposed, hunting up on Christmas morn some neglected child, that he may be come "big brother" to him. Christmas reveals to us the fact we are so prone to forget, that the streets are full of heroes and heroines. Our hearts grow warm. Life is worth living. That was a plain statement of fact which asserted that "God made man in his own image," not to be ruled by the world, but to rule over it, for the higher ends of living.

The swallows gladden us in the spring, but they are taught beside the greetings winging to us at Christmas from far lands,

from friends of long ago, assuring us we still hold our old place in their esteem and love. So we grow strong to shoulder again the burden of life, with a new song in our hearts. All hail to Christmas.

Says the Monetary Times: "One encouraging feature of our trade statement for the past twelve months is the fact that exports to practically all countries, except the United Kingdom and France, have increased, showing that Canada is paving the way for a broader market." It is of the utmost importance that the Canadian export trade be fostered and developed in every possible way as an offset to the changing business conditions.

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

Long ago angelic harpers sang the song we sing today,
And the drowsy folk of Bethlehem may have listened as they lay;
But eager shepherds left their flocks, and o'er the desert wild
The kingly sages journey'd to adore the Holy Child.

Has any man a quarrel?
Has another used you ill?
The friendly word you meant to say,
Is that unspoken still?
Then remember, 'twas the angels
Brought the glad tidings of good will
Of all the gifts of Christmas, are you
Fain to win the best?
Lo! the Christ Child still is waiting
Himself to be your Quest!
No tot so high or lowly but he will take
His part, and you shall see
If you do but bid him welcome to a clean
and tender heart.

Are you sleeping, are you waking?
To the Manger haste away,
And you shall see a wondrous sight
Amid the straw and hay—
Tis the Love Himself Incarnate
As on this Christmas Day.

A recent school examination in England elicited the following definitions:
"Noah's wife," writes one boy, "was called Joan of Arc." "Water," wrote another, "is composed of two gases, oxygen and cambrigen." "Lava," replied a third youth, "is what the barber puts on your face." "A blizzard," insisted another child, "is the inside of a fowl."

After all the talk about freedom of the seas, see what trans-Atlantic passenger rates are now!

A Christmas Idea

Your future Christmas Days as they may be.



The type of man who protects his home —



— will, as his family grows older, —



— find increasing prosperity —



— which grows with the years —



— and fortifies his old age with a substantial income.

You know that the biggest thing you can do for your family this Christmas is to make sure that never in the future will good cheer and comfort be lacking. To provide for them "come what may"—Why not do it?

Make "Christmas" Certain

Deposit with the Canada Life each year less than you pay for personal luxuries.

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The amount may be \$50, \$100 or more, as you may arrange.

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Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed Contracts may be seen and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Post Offices of the terminal and route offices, and at the office of the Post Office Inspector.

W. E. MACLELLAN,
Post Office Inspector.
Post Office Inspector's Office,
Halifax, 30th November, 1920.

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